

runs across it at Arjanak, and the river  
passes under-  
ground.

The village and "Diz" of Mirab Khan are  
reached  
by a frightfully steep ascent. Arjanak has  
been built  
for security on some narrow ledges below  
these colossal  
walls. It is a mere eyrie, a collection of  
rude stone  
hovels, one above the other, among which  
the Khan's  
house is distinguishable only by its *lalakhana*  
and larger  
size. The paths on the dusty hillside are  
so narrow  
and shelving that I needed a helping hand as  
well as a  
stick to enable me to reach a small, oblong,  
rug-covered  
platform under some willow trees, where  
Mirab Khan  
received me, with a very repulsive-looking  
Seyyid scribe  
seated by him in front of a *samovar* and tea  
equipage,  
from which he produced delicious tea,  
flavoured with  
liine-juice. The Khan was courteous, *i.e.* he  
rose, and  
did not sit down till I did.

He is a most deplorable-looking man, very  
tall and  
thin, with faded, lustreless gray eyes, hollow,  
sallow cheeks,  
and a very lank, ugly, straight-haired beard,  
light brown  
in the middle. He and Khaja Taimur look  
more like  
decayed merchants than chiefs of "tribes of  
armed horse-  
men." I was very sorry for him, for he  
evidently suffers  
much, but then and afterwards he impressed  
me un-  
favourably, and I much doubt his good  
faith. He said  
he heard I should spend two or three days  
at Arjanak,  
and all he had was mine. He was not "like  
some  
people," he said, "who professed great

friendship for  
people and then forgot all about them. When I  
make a  
friendship," he said, "it is for ever." I  
asked him if  
his tribe was at peace. "Peace," he replied  
senten-  
tiously, "is a word unknown to the  
Bakhtiaris." In  
fact he has more than one blood feud on  
hand. He  
complained bitterly of the exactions of  
Persia, and added  
<sup>1</sup> A " Diz " is a natural fort believed to be impregnable.